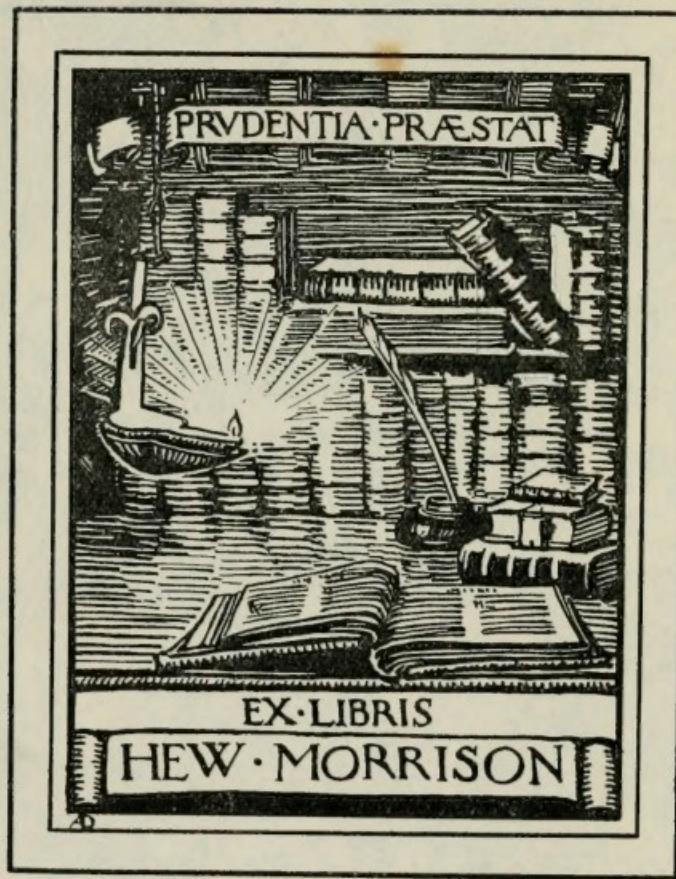
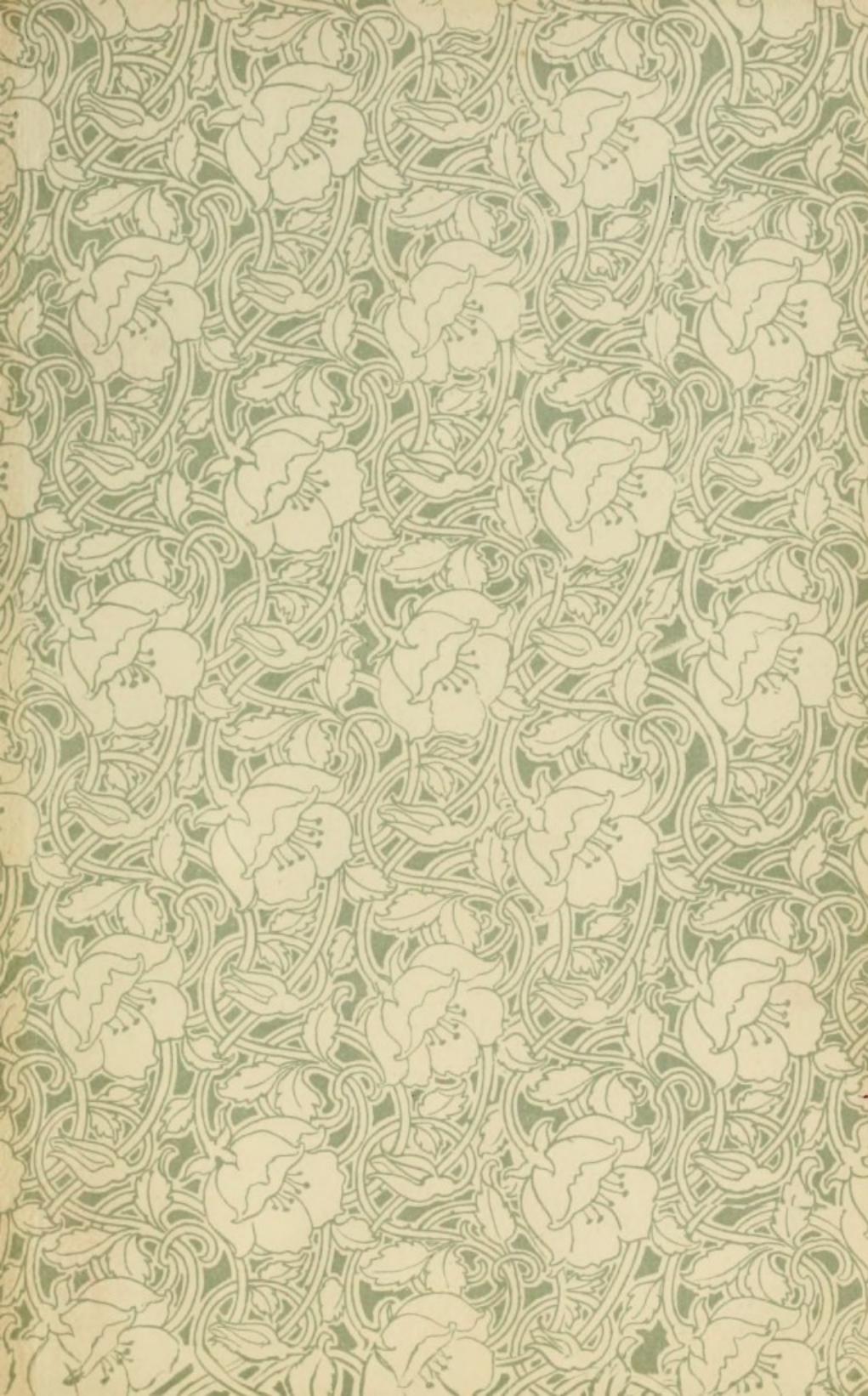


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Traditions of the **Morrison**s.

Legend of the Morrison's Badge.

(*Driftwood on the Sea-shore*).

ALT sons of the MacGhillie Mhoire,
Learn from the driftwood on the shore,
Badge of the Morrison Clan :
"Sgeod-Cladach," in the ancient tongue
That thrills the heart when said or sung,
Of every Highlandman.

Highlands and Islands hear it still
By deep, dark loch, on heath clad hill,
The Gaelic still is heard.
Nach abaile sinn. Ma's e'ur toil è ?
Sainte math uille. Health to ye,
Who understand the word.

Not doubtless, has the tale been told
That a Norse Prince in days of old
Sailed o'er the Northern Sea ;
But winds and waves his course did check ;
And his brave barque became a wreck,
Though safe to shore came he.

Part of the wreck was cast on shore
Bearing thereon, Mac Vurich Mhoire,
His children and his wife,
And ever since that shipwreck scene
The driftwood on the shore has been
An emblem of our life.

And when they leave these sea girt Isles
In hope to win Dame Fortune's smiles
In other lands afar.
There must they guard their good old name
And keep it ever free from blame
Guided by Morning's Star.

That Star guides all to noble ends,
That Star makes all old foes new friends,
MacAulays, and MacLeods.
All clansmen now, join hand in hand,
And, " Auld Lang Syne," in ev'ry land,
Is sung by countless crowds.

Success to all of Highland Blood
But rather than be great : be good,
Hughs, Hectors, Rodricks, Ronalds,
Good luck to our old staunch allies
May He who knits all human ties
Bless all our brave MacLonalds ! ! !
Shoulder to shoulder, may we stand
In this, and every other land,
As we have stood of yore ;
When from our old Glen Morriston,
MacDonald marched with Morrison,
Flash'd forth each keen clagmore.

Of that brave Prince's stock,
Shoredrift, to Morrisons, bears hope
That they may with fierce tempests cope.
And, yet, may gain the rock
And scale it as was scaled the Ness
Of Lewis Isle, yet, ne'ertheless,
Not without pain the climb ;
For he who fain would mount a height
Must struggle hard, with all his might
That he may climb in time.

Again, it teaches that o'er seas,
Far from the well lov'd Hebrides,
Through Morrisons may roam,
They must have hope, and hearts uplift,
That, to whatever shores they drift,
They'll make friends, and a home.

For if all Morrisons abroad,
Returned to dwell on parent sod,
They'd sink it beneath their weight.
The Clan has spread on every hand,
O'er Britain, and each British Land,
To knock at ev'ry gate

That heads each road to wealth and fame,
— 'Tis with all Highland Clans the same,
They're spread, although unbroken ;
Culloden's day but paved the way
For clansmen's ships, in every bay,
Like driftwood. Gillmore's token.

Crossing all seas, found on all shores,
Not only are MacGhillermores,
But all the clans once kilted.
Though some still bide in the old place,
The Highland cradle of our race
Whose forefathers have built it.

Went forth to meet the foe ;
Without a fear or thought of aught,
But how the battle might be fought
And foemen all laid low.

The name, " Glen Morriston," still stands,
Although the land to other hands
Long years ago, has passed,
Clansmen with clansmen fight no more
Now peace around Loch Ness's shore
Reigns, and long may it last.

With Campbells, Grants, MacKays, Morrisons,
And other clans, may peace repose
Let time past bury frenzies
That in the by-gone days uprose,
But let us ere these lines we close,
Faile, our friends, MacKenzie's ! ! !

God bless the dear old Fraser Clan,
God bless each gallant Highlandman
Who nobly does his duty,
Who through life's fight upholds what's right,
Increasing in that glorious light
That shows brave men, true beauty.

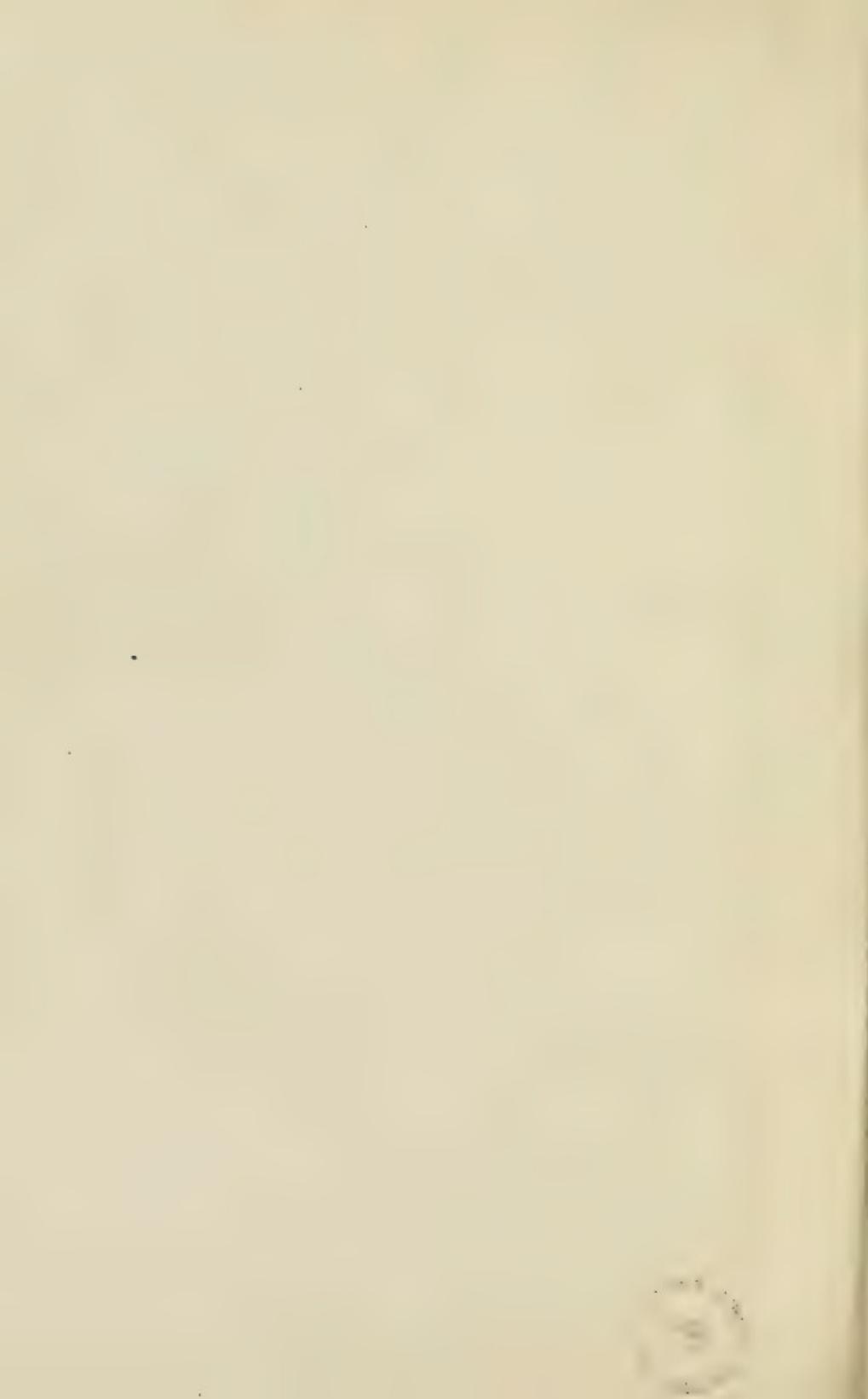
Na mara, living by the sea,
(like Scotland's Saint of Galilee).
Who cast the net of yore),
We hope that o'er time's troubl'd foam,
Wave drifted, all may reach The Home,
On The Eternal Shore.

RIDDELL. MORRISON.

Senior Chaplain to the Forces,

Southern District

Glasgow,
May 25th, 1890.



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